

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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Charles Moore
Editor



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"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it.

I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it.

I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime.

All you have to do is to think of the deaths—of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffold upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"Keep Church and State forever separate."—GRANT.

"In no sense whatsoever is this government founded upon the Christian religion."—WASHINGTON.

"The divorce between Church and State should be absolute."—Garfield.

\$3.75 IN RHYME.

O, Brother Hughes, I have a rhyme; Hove it will reach you in good time, Five dollars received and in reply, Three dollars and three-quarters spy. Take one to pay my Blade one year; Two and a half for cards, my dear, The twenty-five for compensation, Or any kind of consolation. And now, my friend, I say good-bye; Be good to you, and don't you cry. I'd like to stay and sing a song, But fear 'twould be too awful long. Excuse me then, I'll make it short; Please hand this in for next report. A. LUTTERMAN.

HOW THEY DO LIE

A GOOD ONE FROM THE VITALITY, A CHRISTIAN PAPER OF CHICAGO.

Says Spring Sprung From Under a Stump at Libby Prison and Locusts Were Killed in Minnesota By Praying.

FOLLOWING THE TEACHINGS OF ROMANS III. 7.

That it is right for Christians to lie for their religion is a doctrine of the New Testament. See Romans 3, 7, and there is no doctrine of that book that is so sedulously observed by Christians.

I have received a religious newspaper called "Vitality," printed in Chicago, the town that produced Dowie, and in which the Chicago Chronicle recently published an editorial saying that infidelity made anarchy, when there is not an infidel paper in the world that favors anarchy, or an anarchistic paper in the world that does not favor Christianity.

This Christian lying sheet called "Vitality" has an editorial headed "Pray without ceasing."

Mr. R. Cheney of Forest Grove, Ore., has sent me a copy of Vitality having marked in it the following: "During the war the prisoners in Libby prison were dependent upon the filthy and unwholesome water of a little creek that passed within the stockades. They prayed to God for water to drink, and from under a tree stump there gushed a spring of fresh water. The prayers of many minds generated a mental power which was used by the powers of heaven to burst that hidden spring of water to burst forth from the bowels of the earth. The powers of God have no conscious activity on this plane except through the mental organization of persons on this plane. They receive and co-operate with the heavenly powers."

Overrun by locusts, the State means by taxes, the prayers of the whole State for the prayers of the whole State, that divine aid be invoked for the saving of the crops. The little pest became extinct on the day following the prayers.

Of course the thing about the locusts may have occurred, but it would have been just the same if they had not prayed, or had prayed for more locusts.

The Bible teaches plainly that, in answer to the prayer of Moses, God sent flies and lice and grasshoppers and locusts on Egypt. It's true that the Bible says the heathen magicians of Egypt that believed in the big stone gods stuck up all around them that we "Cookies" saw standing there to this day, brought more flies and lice and locusts, by praying to their stone gods than the Jews did by praying to G. Hovah, Esq., but we won't count that in.

If that the Governor of Minnesota found that the locusts could be paralyzed in this way, why does not the Governor of Minnesota have as a part of the government of that State, a regular salaried praying board, whose job it would be to manage the locusts; and why not pay them a little more money to do a little more praying to keep down potato bugs and mosquitoes and fleas?

Bro. John Wickliffe Cripps Governor of Kentucky, ought to get onto that Minnesota Governor's scheme, and have a board of prayingists to kill the tobacco worms in Kentucky, even if it were necessary to pay them \$1,000,000, and then make clear a whole lot of money for the State of Kentucky the great staple products of which State are religion, whisky, race horses and tobacco?

As for the story of the spring in Libby prison, the man that wrote that is either a common fool or a common liar, but no preacher or Christian editor in the world will blast him for it, because the man is either "a fool for Christ's sake"—I. Cor. iv. 10—or a liar for the glory of God.—Romans III. 7.

Among the fallen columns and capitals of ancient Rome a Christian guide, last year, pointed out to us a spring that burst out of the ground for Castor and Pollux to water their horses when they rode down from heaven, some 3,000 years ago to lay off the foundation of that city.

To course all the preachers and priests and Christians in the "Cookie" gang were expected to smile incredulously at the absurdity, and accordingly, the whole gang smiled—some of them audibly.

Still that there are horses in heaven is plain Bible teaching, for they took Elijah to heaven in a two-horse buggy—didn't have any automobiles in those days—and there is no account of those horses ever having come back, and Gen. Abie Buford, a devout Christian of Kentucky, a real General in the Confederate army, taught in many long newspaper articles that he expected to meet his race horses in heaven.

No Christian, though, believes that story about the spring in Rome; that

no, that's a heathen story and entirely incredible.

When you go to Heliopolis, in Egypt, however, and see the spring that burst out of the ground when Mary, the mother of God, and also the best summer girl of God, asked for some water to wash Jesus, the credibility of that story becomes a little mixed. The writers of the Apocryphal New Testament and all the Christians for the first 325 years of the Christian religion believed that Heliopolis spring story just like they did the story of the spring of Bethesda in the present canonized New Testament, and the Christians over there now believe it all right, and the Cookies that I was with—most of them at least—looked mighty solemnly when they looked at that spring, and I didn't laugh at it because I was afraid some of them would chuck me into it. But if you tell any Kentucky Christian about that Heliopolis spring he won't have it—n. g.

But tell any Christian, or any orthodox Jew, about Moses striking a rock in the desert of Arabia and a stream bursting out of it, big enough to water the 5,000,000 of Jews and all their stock including camels that drink a barrel each at one time, and that that rock followed those Jews for forty years, all over the country, plains and mountains, and all the time poured out that big stream of water, same amount whether wet or dry, and that is the most sensible and reasonable story in the world—no cock and bull Old Testament story merely, but recognized in the New Testament as being strictly veracious. See I. Cor. x. 4.

No earthly doubt about the absolute accuracy of that rock that moved about for 40 years, and for 3,000 miles, and all the time, poured out a stream big enough to float a small steamboat.

Now when you come to the Libby prison story—which is a new one on me—there will be a division of opinion among the Christians.

There will be a lot of old infidel Yanks who take this paper, that the Rebs had in Libby prison, and they will, of course, say it's all a lie, but the fact that they are infidels will make their testimony worth nothing.

They took at Libby, I believe, I was there but did not see it. If they had only taken along the stump and the spring that gushed out of it, and let it still gush at Chicago and could not be stopped, it would be a big business.

It would be a big business, and if they could get it now, take it to the St. Louis fair this year, with the water gushing out all along the railroad as it went, and still gushing after it got there, it would make enough money, just by itself, to pay for the whole fair, and every infidel who is going to be there to attend the infidel Congress there would turn Christian just as soon as he could get anybody to baptize him, and I, a preacher, could make thousands and thousands of dollars by baptizing them. I am so sorry that the editor of Vitality didn't say whether that spring is still running or stopped when the Rebs had to throw up the sponge, and the Yanks didn't need that spring any longer.

But there is one thing about that spring that I can't get onto.

We people down South did a whole lot more praying for our side than the Yanks did for theirs, for the Yanks had plenty of money and we didn't have any and there was not much that we could do but pray and I suppose that old Stonewall Jackson, all alone, did more praying than a whole average Yankee regiment, and if God is for the fellows that do the most praying I don't think he toted fair when he made that spring for the "blue coats" when our boys had them in a cask to kill them—with bad water.

All joking aside, everybody of sense enough to lead a goose to water knows that the editor of Vitality was simply telling an enormous lie, to fool some fools out of their money and he knew that other Christians would not expose him and he did not care what infidels said about it, and that is a fair sample of how the Christian religion is sustained in this country.

LOW SETTLERS' RATES

Southeast Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas.

LAND OF CHEAP HOMES

The dates are Jan. 19, Feb. 2, 16, March 1 and 15, April 5 and 19. The rate is a little more than half-price, one way or round trip.

Now is the time to get a home of your own while land is cheap. The Southwest offers the greatest inducements to homeseekers—a mild equable climate, short pleasant winters, long growing seasons, cheap cost of living.

Land that will grow corn, wheat, oats, clover, alfalfa, cotton, fruits and vegetables of nearly every description can be had, at prices ranging from \$5 to \$25 per acre, owing to location, soil and improvements.

Take advantage of some of the above dates and see this great country for yourself.

If you will write us where you want to go, we will tell you the exact cost of your ticket, and send you maps, descriptive literature and help you to find a suitable location.

Write today to L. O. SCHAFER, T. P. A. Cotton Belt route, CINCINNATI, O., or

E. W. LABE, J. M. G. P. & T. A., Cotton Belt Route, ST. LOUIS, MO.

WHITNEY'S DEATH

AS VIEWED BY THE PIOUS LEXINGTON DEMOCRAT.

Walton, the editor of the Lexington Democrat made his start as a financial success as an editor, by boosting the miracle working "Pink Cottage" of Rev. George O. Barnes, whose last act in his fanatical Christian career was to join Dowie and come back to Lexington preaching that Dowie was Elijah who had come back to see us.

Twice, lately, Walton has taken his pistol and gone gunning for fellows and damned them and had fights.

All of us are skeered of Walton. He lately wrote, just on a cold collar, an editorial against infidels. I answered him. There are people who think Walton is not a Solon but he is smart enough not to answer me.

Now Whitney has gone dead. Whitney must have been a good man; not only because he had a pew in Grace church, but because Grover Cleveland said so, and Grover ought to know.

Whitney went to heaven by the appendix route. Not that the disease killed him at all. O, no, nothing of that sort.

There's a thing in the internal machinery of a man called the vermiform appendix. The doctors say there is no use for the darned thing and that God was off when he put it there, and that a man is better off when it's cut out. So whenever they catch a man sick with anything—that is if it's a rich man—they call it appendicitis and cut the fellow open and take out that darned thing. They say is n. g., and if the fellow manages to live through it, it's a big advertisement for that doctor, and if the fellow dies, which is nearly always the case, they say it's because the fellow didn't come to them in time to get his vermiform doppelganger cut out sooner, but in any even the doctor always get a nail keg full of the swag.

You never, therefore, hear anything about poor people having any vermiform appendix.

I am in favor of this new thing on the same principle that old Franklin was in favor of corsets. He said "was for corsets because they killed all the fool women."

One of Bro. Walton's evidences that Whitney was good is as follows: "I was president of the Saratoga Racing Association and did more than any one man in the United States to place 'the sport of kings' upon the high plane it enjoys at present in the East. He raced an extensive stable and owned several stud farms over the country. His death is the severest blow the turf has felt in many years."

But the thing that I started out to talk about is Walton's heading to Whitney's send off.

It is as follows:

MADE HIS CHILDREN FAREWELL

And Then the Great Financier and Sportsman Sank into Sleep Which Knows No Waking.

Then—Wm. C. Whitney Succumbs to Second Operation for Appendicitis—His Death a Severe Blow to Turf—Extensive Local Interests are Affected.

These days when a man goes dead, it is the common wrinkle among Christian editors to say that he has gone into "a sleep that knows no waking."

I can't get on to it. It might go for second class infidelity, for no infidel would call being dead a sleep but it don't sound to me like Christianity—that is if Jesus Christ knew anything about what Jesus was dead.

Stepped over to Jerusalem to get the straight of this thing, and I found there a house in which a rich old fellow named Dives lived, and a rock up in one corner of a wall on which a poor man named Lazarus used to sit, both of them living there at the same time that J. C. lived there, and both of them died while J. C. was still working at the carpenter's business around that town.

J. C. never said a darned word about any "eternal sleep" or any such racket, as that but he said, straight out, that Dives took a bee line for hell and Lazarus the same to heaven; and right away, before breakfast, next morning, there was Lazarus in heaven and Dives in hell and old Dives was begging Laz to get a gourd and bring him a drink of water, and Laz told Dives he would see him in hell first.

No "sleeping" about that—wide awake as squeech owls.

Now with the Catholics it is a little different, but the Catholics don't have any sort of mortem napping in his.

The Catholic says Whitney is in purgatory, and that it will depend upon whether or not his friends put up the mon as to what finally becomes of him—if his friends come up with the simoleons all right Whitney will get a harp and go to purgation; if he don't hell is sho his portion, but in neither event is there going to be any "eternal sleep" business about it.

I wish these Christians would shine on their own side.

We infidels don't want any of their

racket on our side, unless they are going to be infidels. We don't want any half-baked anything.

Whitney is just as dead as any body's dead horse, and a dead horse is just as dead as a dead nail, or a paving brick, and Whitney ain't asleep any more than a brick is asleep and Whitney don't care whether school keeps or not and don't care whether or not his horse wins, and Whitney, like any other dead man, is better off than any living man in the world, better off than he was when he was alive and he ought to be glad that he is dead.

Peace to your ashes, old boy!

DOWIE

WAS TO HAVE FREED ZION OF DEBT TODAY, BUT INSTEAD IT IS \$300,000 IN DEBT.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 1.—John Alexander Dowie planned three years ago to have the land of Zion free from debt today. Instead it is declared that \$300,000 would not meet the payments, and that \$75,000 for property on which options were given fell due today.

Most of the options due previously have been extended and the over-seer's lieutenants they will retain all the land held in this way, said to be one-third of the total acreage of 6,500. Mortgagees represent one-half of the purchase price of the rest.

Zion City is having no difficulty in meeting the interest payments or arranging for delaying payments of the specifications named in options.

HONOR THE BIRTHDAY OF THOMAS PAINE

ANNIVERSARY OBSERVED BY THE LIBERAL CLUB OF LOS ANGELES.

(From Los Angeles, (Calif.) Herald.)

The one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine was fittingly celebrated by the Liberal Club in Elks' Hall last night. The program consisted of musical numbers and discussions of the varied phases of Paine's greatness as a statesman and an advocate of religious freedom.

W. C. Bowman, who acted as chairman, said that Paine was one of the greatest champions that the world had ever seen on behalf of civil and religious liberty. For over a hundred years since the American revolution he said, his name was studiously ignored in high places. When it was mentioned it was only in odium and defamation, as a religious warning to the young. Yet with all the defamation Paine was the only man of his day whose birthday was regularly observed world wide. Surely truth crushed to earth would rise again.

T. W. Williams discussed "The Statesmanship of Thomas Paine." He said that Paine was one of the strongest advocates American liberty ever had.

"Paine lived at a time," said he, "when the world was moved by ignorance and religious intolerance. His ruling maxim was that if there must be trouble let it come in his day so that his children might have peace. The only true patriotism is a sacrifice of the present for the future. He was the enemy of tyrism and toryism. He stood for liberty in religion and liberty in politics. In fact, it was he that made it possible for us to have our elective franchise."

"Washington said that Paine had done more with his pen that he had with his sword toward the freedom of the American people, and as a matter of fact it was the writings of Paine that had kept up the drooping spirits of the disheartened starving patriots."

The speaker went on to discuss the right and justice of Paine's sentiments and wound up with the hope that future generations would live to realize all that he sought.

The religious freedom inculcated by Paine was the subject of the remarks made by Frank I. Wheat. He eulogized the man as an all-around genius. He said that there was no freedom in religion, that religion filled up a whole world of the interests of humanity and came to be monopolized by the men who dominated the world. History, said he, was the struggle of the few to hold the mastery. Only labor never dominated nor domineered. The grasping hand for power was found in everything else—in politics, in religion and in education.

"Religion," said Mr. Wheat, "is one of the most tremendous powers to hold the rest of the world in bondage. It was because the men of his day felt that the writings of Thomas Paine were taking away the unjust advantages they held through religion that they hated him. It was only religion that could blacken his name for a generation or two."

Mr. Wheat went on to state that religion was of our own creation, not something whose mandates we are bound to obey. He talked of the old evangelism and the new evangelism which sought to strangle the old while it directed us to love one another.

MIXED RELIGION AND IRRIGATION

PLAN OF THE VERDE POWER AND WATER COMPANY

Circular Issued by the Department of the Interior Describes the Status of the Company in Arizona—Has Rights for Reservoir and Canal—There is no Water Supply and Scarcely Any Work Has Been Done.

(From the Journal Denver, Col.)

Washington, Jan. 28.—A circular has been issued by the department of the interior regarding the Verde Water and Power company of Arizona. This has been called for by a flood of inquiries received from subscribers to stock of the company. They want to know the status of the company, the truth of newspaper stories regarding the peculiar method adopted to secure subscription, and the cloud which seems to hang over the company's claims to water rights and reservoir sites.

The company's attractive, but misleading, prospectus has been printed in a number of religious journals of good repute. When a nauseating use of scriptural phrases and religious terms it states the scheme in Arizona is intended to mark the beginning of an effort to evangelize the whole world. The company's reservoir sites, water rights, etc., are described in exact terms, and it is asserted that the investment is not only safe, from a business point of view, but important as a religious undertaking.

Charles W. True, That Rev. C. A. Sheldon of Minneapolis, president of the Verde company, wrote me asking why the Journal had attracted a legitimate enterprise, and demanding the names of the persons who furnished the information upon which the article was based. An examination of the records in the general land office and in the geological survey made at the cost of considerable time, showed that the charges were true.

Government authorities, however, Verde company, having had its attention called to the disparity between its prospectus and the facts, would alter its course, but apparently it has not done so.

From these letters, received at the department, it is believed there are a thousand subscribers to the company's stock in and near Cincinnati, perhaps 500 in and near Minneapolis, a thousand in Chicago; almost as many more in St. Louis and many scattered over Missouri and the middle west.

Comment.—This is the Rev. Sheldon who wrote the religious book "In His Steps," and hired a big newspaper for thirty days, to show how a paper ought to be edited, and filled it chucked full of religion.

If you want a grand religious pick a preacher.

HOLY FIRE-CRACKERS

HOW THE CHINESE MADE USE OF A NUMBER OF BIBLES

"Independence Day reminds me," said the missionary from China, "of the most encouraging and the most disillusioning experience in my life. I had labored hard in the work of converting the Chinese to Christianity and there was unfeigned rejoicing among all the missions in China and the churches in America when the demands for Bibles on the part of our converts culminated in order for 54,000 Bibles in one shipment.

The remarkable number of New Christians thus indicated, while it occasioned much thankfulness in the missionary associations to set on foot an inquiry as to the methods employed in saving the souls of such an unusual number of Celestials, and the uses to which they put the Bibles sent them.

"You may know that in China many of the firecrackers with which we celebrate our day of national independence are made by the Chinese in their homes. Contractors for fireworks give each man a certain amount of powder, and that must be made into a given number of crackers. The powder used in the manufacture he buys himself—and powder is not a cheap commodity in China. The powder furnished seldom fills the required number of crackers, but that does not disturb the Celestial in the least; he turns in his quota, all the same, and the American boy, in consequence, invariably finds in each package of firecrackers a few that 'won't go off.'"

"I discovered that Yankee thrift had been absorbed by the heathen Chinese with much more readiness than Yankee morals. In contributing his labor toward our festival occasions he hit upon an expedient whereby a considerable profit accrued to himself. In other words, our great shipment of 54,000 Bibles had literally 'gone up in smoke.' They were to be had for the asking and the Celestial conscience seems never to have suffered a pang as to their disposal for firecracker wrappers.